THE SWISS REPUBLIC.

A LAND OF COMMON SENSE.

THE SWISS CONFEDERATION. By Sir Francis Otti-well Adams, K. C. M. G. C. B., and C. D. Cun-niugham, With a map. 8vo, pp. 289. Mac-millan & Co.

This is the first full and clear account of the swiss system of government that has appeared in English. Sir Francis Adams was British Minster at Berne, and has made excellent use of his opportunities for acquiring accurate information. The result of his researches is a book calculated to be of special interest to Americans, for it exclains the growth of a democratic republic which has many points in common with that of the United States, and also many divergencies, traceable to the differences of situation, general surroundings and conditions of development, Sir Francis makes no pretence of writing a history of Switzerland, but his outline sketch brings into bold relief the salient events and critical periods of the Republic, and shows clearly enough the origin and character of the changes through which the original confederation passed on its way to its present form of government. The enduring nature of the Swiss institutions is evidently due to the slow process by which they have been evolved. Napoleon tried to change the system, but his plan did not survive his dynasty. No purely artificial and arbitrary system could last. Only one founded in popular use and custom and in the slowly acquired political and intellectual habits of the Swiss was capable of resisting the many disintegrating influences constantly in opera-

As was to be expected, the existing constitution is a compromise scheme, and of a character which, it may safely be assumed, could hardly be successful with any people less trained in methodical ways and less apt at patient and vigilant balancing of hostile elements and forces. In the first place the Swiss Confederation embraces three distinct races, besides several sub-races. There are German, French and Italian citizens, mixed together in varying proportions. In the second place there has been for centuries a standing cause of dissension in the religious issue. The Confederation is divided into Protestants and Catholies, the majority belonging to the former Church, but the latter numbering much more than one-third of the population. Freedom and toleration are secured to all faiths by the Constitution of 1874, but this provision has not prevented the renewal of the ancient strife, though the complete overthrow of the Catholics in the Sonderbund War, when the Catholic Cantons attempted to secede, and the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits, appear to have diminished the tendency to proceed to extremities which before those events continually menaced the stability of the Republic. The history of the Confederation exhibits the play of those centripetal and centrifugal forces with which we have been made familiar during our own development. Cantonal rights on the one hand and Federal authority on the other have clashed and collided, but external pressure, the trend of foreign polities, the obvious necessity of a strong central government wherewith to cement and hold the Cantons in times of common danger, have in the course of years reinforced the theory of centralization more and more.

Nevertheless, the Federal authority in Switzernd is far weaker than with us, and practically it is deprived of executive power. In theory it is absolute within its own constitutional domain, but it has no machinery whereby to enforce its decree upon a disobedient Canton, and it is consequently obliged to depend upon the Cantons themselves to carry out its orders. If, as occasionally happens, it is met by flat refusal, it can only, as a last recourse, threaten the recalcitrant Centon with military occupation by the forces of one of the other Cantons; and as such an occupation is a matter of expense, the menace oas always hitherto brought the rebellious Cantons to terms. This and the withholding of their shares of public funds apportioned by the National Assembly are the only means the Federal Government has of enforcing its authority, and there is clearly danger that some day these methods will prove ineffective. The strongest political sentiment in the Confederation is said to be that of what may be called Cantonal and Communal patriotism, which corresponds in many respects to what we should call State loyalty, or the State Rights sentiment. The Swiss system rests upon and originates in the commune, which has much in common with the old American township, though it is a more complex and elaborate arrangement. The Commune is a municipal or parish government, and a miniature of the Cantonal Government. It covers all local matters, even to laying of taxes and imposts, and its operation. reaching to the minutest details of life, implies and involves an amount of interference and supervision which the American would consider not compatible with true personal liberty.

The Swiss Government is rendered the most domestic in existence by the institution called the Referendum, which is of two kinds, compulsory and optional. It consists in the right of the people to vote openly and directly upon any law or resolution adopted by the National Assembly or the National Council. The right of the Initiative, by which any citizen, whether a representative or a voter, may propose a new law, has proved less effective than was expected, and no doubt because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The Referendum, however, has worked well on the whole, though it has disadvantages, of which the most serious is its obviously belittling influence upon the National Legislature. For it is char that if any law enacted by Congress was liable to be subjected to the uncertain chances of a popular vote before it could be considered an acposed legislation and all the party atrangements entered into for and against measures would become useless. Debates generally would be shorn lative end was reached, the Referendum might retant political action would be climinated and the most serious elements of confusion be introduced. One danger which was anticipated by conservative minds in Switzerland has, however, not appeared. It was apprehended that the Referendum would tend to encourage radicalism, and possibly socialism. The very reverse has occurred. The printhat now the Referendum is recognized as a drag on the wheels of radicalism. The National Asembly, euriously enough, has a working majority of Radicals and progressive Democrats, thus showpowers. They know that it does not matter how radical the lawmakers may be, inasmuch as the Referendum interposes an effectual obstacle to all extinguishes measures and propositions of that tial evidence.

If there were parties in Switzerland, the Initiative would of course become a powerful weapon in their hands. But there are no parties, not withstanding the fact that there are so-called political divisions in the National Assembly. Party government is in truth out of the question under the Swiss system, and so absolutely is this the case that the rejection of measures never carries any imputation of disapproval or defeat to the proposers of them The Government may besten, but it does not think of resigning. A representative may have been, as gence is not incompatible with the retention of we should say, rebuked by his constituents in the strong affection. Sant' Hario is in the condition rejection of what bills he has introduced, but all of one "who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet next year, and in all probability he will be reelected. For the Swiss voters are very conservative, and like to keep in office men who have convinced of her infidelity; but this love which gained political experience. The same principle applies to the departmental places. The heads of departments, elected by the Federal Council for short periods, are re-elected year after year for Changes of government then are swed by no general dismissals from office, nor any diplomatic changes. All public salaries so low that it is impossible for any man to pulsion, the first strong eroof of his devotion form of government and social system are and must followed by no general dismissals from office, nor by any diplomatic changes. All public salaries

otism-induces them to sacrifice their material in- deepest touches in a singularly powerful and terests in accepting office as public benefactors beautiful story. in some sense, and they show their recognition of

analogies to that of the President of the United | nificance through the distorting medium of a States. In fact, he is really little more than jealous man's jaundiced interpretation and the social progress. chairman of a board, which is the Federal Council. The latter does the executive work, but even its cinto writes a note on some of Corona's paper, powers are strictly limited. The relations be- for the purpose of preventing a meeting be-Government, however, are not at all rigidly defor friction. The judicial business of the Confederation is in the hands of the Federal Tri- without any idea of its ownership. with that instrument. The people, who are sovtion or to determine whether laws are in accord ereign, and from whose judgment there is no apupon the laws, the Tribunal is bound to assume vietim. The whole Meschini episode, indeed, is present the tendency is to extend the jurisdiction | murderer after he has done the deed; his recourse of the Federal Tribunal, and perhaps to reorganize and strengthen the court. The army is of necesby great military powers. The maintenance of long as his normally callous and evil intelligence Swiss neutrality is indispensable to the existence been solved as well as the conditions allow by a militia system which gives training to every able adult, and Swiss patriotism and intelligence guarantee the loyal fulfilment of military duties which are not so arduous as to interfere seriously with the pursuits of civil life.

The Confederation has succeeded in making its army much more effective than the English militia and volunteers. The plans of mobilization are prepared to the smallest detail of every branch of the service, and as every man keeps his equipment, rifle, etc., in his own house, and is bound to have them always ready for inspection, the general state of preparation is effective. One reason of the efficiency of the Swiss soldier is unquestionably the high grade of popular education which prevails throughout the republic. Education is compulsory, and every Swiss appears to realize the necessity for this rule, and to be eager to avail himself of the privileges which are offered gratuitously. Illiteracy is almost unknown in the country, and technical education of the best and most practical character has been established for years. There is no federal university, but many colleges in the Cantons, and especially at Zurich, to which educational centre hundreds of foreigners repair every year, to take advantage of the facilities provided. Sir Francis Adams has a highly interesting chapter on national education, and bears testimony to the importance of the results at-Public opinion supports all necessary expenditures for school purposes, and there is no course which would so surely bring down the dis. approval of the voters upon a representative as one

of opposition and obstruction in this regard. Sir Francis gives statistics of commerce and manufactures, imports and exports, etc., and these indicate a steady progress in material prosperity. though the relations between the Correderation and its neighbors are frequently awkward and difficult. The whole book is an exceedingly interesting study of a brave, independent and intelligent people, who have kept their liberties under the most trying circumstances, have had the wisdom to meet new conditions with new methods, and having learned through long experience the virtues of concession and forbearance, are not likely to endanger the stability of their institutions now by rash innovation or obstinate adhesion to out-

grown ideas.

the sake of distinction-is nowhere more strongly marked than in this work. The broad foundation principles are the same in both cases. The purpose of the writer is to set forth life as it is; not o arrange certain groups and certain events so arbitrarily that the culmination of the action shall accord with the general plot in the most precise manner, but to show the concurrent relations of many lives as they occur in real life, wherein the events and consequences overlap and are carried forward so that there is neither accordant beginning nor end, but perpetual flux and reflux.

So far there is harmony between the schools out at this point it ceases; for, whereas the American school" proceeds upon the theory that realism excludes romance and admits only the photographing of the commonplace and colorless, Mr. Crawford holds that it is the right and even the duty of the true artist to seek expression and complished fact, all the debates now had upon pro- representation of every strong emotion, passion and influence which moves mankind, and which tends to exaltation or degradation, happiness or misery. In "Sant' Hario" we have a masterly demonstraof their significance, and party action would be tion of this theory, and a convincing one. Nothing deprived of definiteness. No matter what legis- can be more natural-that is, realistic-than the processes by which the numerous strong situations verse it, and thus the finality of the most impor- in this story are brought about. So clearly drawn are the characters that their action scarcely requires the analytic commentary which is supplied so carefully and skilfully by the author, though we should certainly be sorry to miss the lucid and subtle exposition. The quarrel between Corona and Sant' Hario, for example, is one of those strange tissues of misconstruction and cross-purciple has proved conservative in operation, so poses which every one will recognize as absolutely true to life. A weaker writer would have made Sant' Ilario's jealousy the result of a carefully planned conspiracy. Mr. Crawford falls into no such melodramatic error. Every touch and ciring that the people fully comprehend their own comstance which goes to make up the web of illasion east over Sant' Hario's understanding is fortuitous, and yet they all arrange themselves as it were in an orderly sequence, which presents at rash innovations; and the popular vote invariably last an astonishingly plausible case of circumstan-

The reader who follows this episode carefully will find it difficult to blame the Prince for suspecting his noble wife on the strength of so seemingly conclusive a chain of proof of her guilt; yet, knowing her innocence and the beauty and elevation of her character, he will feel that with such a woman literally no evidence should have been accepted which went against her. Yet, despite the essential baseness of Sant' Hario's suspicious, it cannot be said that they are unnatural, for of all possions jestousy is the most tyrannical and debasing to its victims, and unhappily its indulsame he may offer himself for re-election the fondly loves" : and he cannot, as Othello wished to, " away at once with love or jealousy. He cannot cease to love Corona even when he is most survives respect is, after all, a very different and far inferior sentiment to that which Corona feels. Outraged as she is in her most shered and deepest teclines, forced to realize that her husband's confidence and faith are, after all, broken reeds, so

make money in office, and it follows that only and repentance rekindles the dying flame in her well-to-do men can afford to take the higher heart, and she forgets and forgives with a magoffices. This is one reason why re-elections are nificent absoluteness which could scarcely be atso usual. The people regard those whose patri- tained by a man. This is one of the finest and

All the trouble, however, is brought about withthe self-surrender by keeping such men in office. out malice or premeditation. It is a tragi-comedy The President of the Swiss Confederation pos- of errors, in which the most innocent things are sesses very little power. His office offers few made to take on the semblance of sinister sigperverse incidence of their occurrence. San Giactween the Cantons or States and the Federal Faustina and Gouache, and leaves it on the latter's toilet-table, fastening it down with a gold pin fined, and there is consequently too much room really belonging to Corona, but which she had lost and Gounche had picked up in the street bunal, a court which but loosely resembles the apparent circumstantial evidence which only needs United States Supreme Court. One striking dif- to be weighed by a jealous man to acquire doomference consists in the fact that the Federal ing weight, and which might have even roused Tribunal has no power to interpret the Constitu- jealousy in a previously unsuspicious mind. All this is admirably developed, with a naturalness of Arnoldo Meschini, the librarian and forger, of which the old rascal-prince of Montevarchi is the the constitutionality of all such measures. At exceedingly clever and strong. The feelings of the to the brandy bottle to restore his courage, his exultation after the first effects of the stimulant make themselves felt; the absence of remorse so is supported by an artificially stimulated nervous of the Republic, and at the same time it is too system. One feels that this is a criminal who poor to keep a standing army. The problem has might go far had he his imagination under control, but with the first yielding to drink he is lost, for the false tonic so reacts upon his nerves that every return to sobriety adds to the horror and terror of his condition, and so drives him buck upon the bottle. Meschini has intellect enough to have not only avoided suspicion, but to have profited by the murder, could be have kept his brain clear; but when to brandy he adds opium his mind is on the way to virtual extinction; and, while when strongly incbriated he can still plan lucidly, all action is impossible to him because it demands sobriety, and he dare no longer remain sober. All this is a remarkable physical and psychological study.

Not the least striking feature of "Sant' Hario" is the minute and profound knowledge of Italian society and the Italian character which it shows. Mr. Crawford says in this book that the " foreigner Italians"; and he goes on to make this rather surprising assertion: "I do not hesitate to say that, without a single exception, every foreigner, poet or prose-writer who has treated of these people has more or less grossly misunderstood them." This is, as he admits. " a surprising statement," nor is it rendered the more acceptable by the contention that " to understand Italians a man must have been born and bred among them": for, while Mr. Crawford's own intimate knowledge of them must be acknowledged, there is really not sufficient reason for assuming that nobody else has has acquired a similar acquaintance in similar ways. Mr. Crawford deprecates northern criticism of what he denominates "the Italian. lie"; but, surely, if the plot so unhesitatingly entered into by his own Prince of Montevarchi for the dispossession of the Saracinesca by forgery and fraud is to be considered a fair illustration of the principles of some of the old Roman nobility, the northern view of Italian ethics world seem less harsh and mistaken than he represents that Englishmen all agree with the countryman who it to be. Of course the probity and honor of the gave the work his highest praise in saying that " Lorna Saracinesca are to be set against the deliberate and cold-blooded scoundrel'sm of Montevarchi; but even Sant' Ilario himself is shown to harbor in is views no slight inheritance of burbaric principles and tendencies, and his resolves when he believes Corona guilty are tolerably mediaeval for a man of the nineteenth century. We are not questioning the fidelity of Mr. Crawford's portraiture. We have no doubt that it is lifelike

THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE SECRET OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

SOCIAL PROGRESS. An Essay. By Daniel Green-leaf Thompson. 8vo, pp. 161. Longmans, Green & Co.

The reader of Mr. Thompson's essay on social progress may, if he is not himself an agnostic, be a little surprised to find, as the net result of a good deal of fluent and by no means uninterested discussion, the world is education of mankind in the Golden Rule. Mr. Thompson puts it thus: "Social progress is only made in the direction of obtaining the most periect liberty. The most complete individual happiness is the ultimate desideratum; but this can in no way be secured but through the perfection of social liberty. The latter is even necessary for the protection of individual freedom. To realize such ideals of liberty there must be law, because only through law can there be security: Nor can security be perfect except there be equality of rights. These, in turn, cannot be maintained if there be great inequality of power. And, in fine, none of these conditions can be com pletely developed save through the universal prevalence in humanity of that disposition and character by which one finds his happiness and welfare in the

nappiness and welfare of his fellow-men." Elsewhere Mr. Thompson says: "If all men had the true altruistic disposition there would be no need of government." Precisely so; but does it not speak ore strongly for the author's supepsy than for his philosophy that, while rejecting all religion, he is change implied in the words "if all men had the true altruistic disposition" is not a slight one. To realize it one must have recourse to pure concepts, for experience affords no aid whatever in the premises. Christianity is generally admitted to have been the most powerful and pervasive influence ever exerted upon the human mind, yet after nearly nineteen centuries it has failed to effect more than a faint and distant approach to the "universal prevalence" of There are indeed thickers who maintain that egoism has never been more rampant and widespread than at the present time; which, if it were rue, would make the future prospect rather gloomy, even allowing all that could be hoped for from the influence of religion. But with religion eliminated the outlook can hardly be considered so bright as to warrant sanguino forecasts such as Mr. Thompson permits himself; nor does it appear altogether reasonable to expect more from a philosophy which scarcely appeals to the emotional side of human nature than has been hitherto obtained through constant pressure upon the most easily and powerfully impressed of

It would perhaps be unphilosophical to deny the possibility of any conceivable change in human nature; out mere experience certainly justifies the conclusion that unless or until the conditions which limit, mould and control humanity are entirely altered, there can be no general amelioration of man's character and conduct. As, moreover, Mr. Thompson holds (and no doubt with justice) that the social progress to which eral; but altruism cannot become general while there is no social progress. Nor is this the sole parasiex intolved. Liberty without law results in anarchy. But liberty with law produces inequality. Without power there can be no individual freedom; but where

mains what he has been and continues to be. Egoism has thus far been the ruling influence in human life and in all sentient existence; nay, it lies at the root of all activity, and without it one may almost say of all activity, and without it one may almost say that the race would perish, after the manner proposed by Schopenhauer. For the "will to live" of that philosopher is egoism, and if that could be removed it is difficult to perceive what "modus vivendi" would remain. Mr. Thompson's discussion is sufficiently ingenious and well ordered, but we do not think it solves any problem, and least of all the problem of

LITERARY NOTES.

George Bancroft's Life of Martin Van Buren is announced for early publication by the Harpers. They are bringing out also Eli Thayer's "Kansas Crusade," Lafeadio Hearn's novelette "Chita"; Theodore Child's "Summer Holidays," and he second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges."

Tennyson's forthcoming volume is to be made up of verses recently composed, and of scraps rescued from forgotten books.

Tolstot, it is reported, has been obliged to stop smoking and this has sadly interfered with his power to

write. The writers who sneer at the practice of "cutting" one's own MSS, ought to consider the example of Charles Dickens. He was pre-eminently the great "cut-"Cutting" was his grand maxim, pruning down florid sentences and adding little effective points of his own. Slips of his work are to be seen astonishingly improved by these touchings-a labyrinth of insertions transpositions, and erasures, all in his favorite blue inh, which he adopted when "Copperfield" had run about half its course. The original "copy" or Ms. of narly all his works is to be seen in the Forster Library at South Kensington, in great stout quartos. It is curious to note how every line almost is carsfully amended or altered, and the substituted passages written in the very minutest characters. So close are the lines and so "squeezed" the writing that the not effect is bewildering; but his printers knew his ways perfectly. Each page holds about forty lines of close writing, and each line some twenty words, making about 800 words in each page. He followed one system, and never failed in the practice-to make the words crased illegible. This must have cost him time and trouble; for it is done in thorough fashion. The erring sentence is laboriously effaced by a series of minute flourishings.

The new volume of poetry which Miss Woolsey "Susan Coolidge") is about to publish is to be entitled " A Few More Verses."

Mr. Archibald Grove, who is at the head of "The New Review," is only about twenty-eight years old. at large" never has "any real understanding of He took double honors at Oxford in 1880, and has spent much time since in travel. A few years ago he lost a vast heritage under circumstances that do him credit. A relative who died worth more than a quarter of a million of money, had the fixed idea that his nephew should become a elergyman, but the young man had other ideas, refused to comply, and so was left, not with \$1,000,000, but with the better heritage of his quick and nimble brain, his excellent education, and a stout heart to begin a struggle with the world. The struggle has been hard as well as brave, For a time he was on "The Daily News," then he joined the National Press Agency, and finally he became the founder and Editor of "The New Review"the most popular and successful cheap periodical of In appearance Mr. Grove is short, dapthese days. per, with handsome, delicate features, keen blue eyes, and he is always dressed exquisitely. He has delightful manners, a kind heart, a winning tongue, and a keen ambition to play a great part in the history of his country.

> Mr. Blackmore's beautiful book "Lorna Doon in its thirtieth edition in England-a practical proof Doone' to a Devonshire man is as good as clotted cream, almost."

> The new venture, "The New-England Magazine." is to be under the control of Edward Everett Hale and Edwin D. Mead. Its first issue is to be a "Plymouth Number." The periodical, which is to be illustrated, will be largely historical in character, but will not exclude verse and fiction. Mr. Whittier and Mr. Fiske will be among the contributors.

A young gentleman who proposed to adopt literature

made by the ambitious young man:

My advice is by all means not to throw yourself on literature for a living. Very spiendid talents and wide knowledge are often incompetent to secure bread and cheese, and except in the department of journalism there is but a perflous outlook for any one who has not already proved that his talents are commercially valuable. Now, it seems to me on this question you can decide for yourself. Assuming that your present employment is infolerable to you, and that you have a streng bent toward literature. I would urge you to ascertain decisively whether editors and publishers are willing and cager to pay you for your writing. If they are, you can form some estimate of your probable success when you devote your whole emergies to literature. Meanwhile, you can do what hundreds of others are doing, viz: cultivate literature in your leisure hours, and try by your productions to increase your income, and find a footing for your any honorable employment on the vague chance of success in literature is what all rational men would advise against. You must not confound your hopes and wishes with the conditions of success. It is for you a question of pounds, shillings, and penes, not of literary activity, and that question you, like every one else, have the means of settling by simply offering editors and publishers what you have written. Believe me, both citiors and publishers are, for their own sales, eager to accept and pay for whatever promises to be commercially valuable, and no one will accept work that does not seem to promise such commercial advantage. Yours truly, G. H. LEWES.

Margaret Deland's new volume is entitled "A Book About Florida." Little, Brown & Co, are bringing it

The book for which the Shah has been making copious notes during his European tour will be published soon after he gets back to Persia. It will be translated into both English and French.

M. de Lavelye advises Frenchmen to read Mr. Bryce's book on America-" the best since de Tocqueville's"-in order to learn wisdom from our ex-

George E. Hardy, in his clever paper read before the Teachers' Association of this State, says in regard school libraries and reading for young people ;

to school libraries and reading for young people:

It seems proper here to make a distinction between books of the right kind and those that are known among boys as "gooly-goody" ones. Almost every healthy boy or girl, after a short experience with these books, has a more or less open contempt for the volumes between whose covers he is sure to flud the inovitable had very tiresome story of the good boy, who always dies prematurely young after delivering the usual straible warning to the bad boy. An excited course of such milisand-water reading, which to-day enfortunately constitutes the staple literary supply of our Sanday schools, will, in a short time, transform the reader from an honest flesh-and-blood boy to a smug faced young hypocrite, or cise to a pulling, scattmental creature, the emotional side of whose stature has been abnormally developed at the expense of the practical.

It would seem to be a measure fraught with much worfully visiom for those baying charge of libraries where these books do most abound to consign them to the fineral pyre, and substitute in their stead healthy, tracing books, where the lessons presented are not objectionally obvious, and where the moral comes in as it were by the way.

Edward Everett Hale is at work upon his blography of James Freeman Clarke.

Mr. Theodore S. Fay's highly interesting book The Three Germanys " was published for the author by A. S. Berres & Co.

It is wisely suggested by "The Library Journal" World's Fair shall be made the that our proposed occasion of the finest possible library exhibit. "All the association, ought to take prompt steps toward giving their utmost belp in this association, we would suggest, should support the Library Bureau in exhibiting a typical library with ell the improvements in methods and appliances which have developed within the recent library periodhe looks forward is itself entirely dependent upon the which have developed within the recent library periodis discontinuously the control of this would do so much as any one thing to profor this would do so much as any one thing to prodissemination of attraism, the argument rotums upon litself in a vicious circle. It amounts to tals, that there cannot be social progress until altraism is general; but altraism cannot become general while there pliances and methods of work, and in connection with the general exhibition there should be a printed stateat or manual which might be prepared by the Publication Section, intended to suggest to such citi-

chair made to sit on, and the sofas wheezy as to their insides. Picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, and a portrait of somebody nobody ever heard of, done in water-colors, by somebody you never want to hear of. Battered Bible on the centre table, in which some Smart Aleck infidel has scribbled bit of coarse and pointless infidelity. Hotel pro vides parlor for people to meet in ; but they obstinately stay away from it—all except the Woman who Crochets and the Woman with the Pet Dog. (To the intelligent reader: The latter woman patronizes the parlor because she knows the dog can do the most damage there, and she wants to get the worth of her money.) The office, where all the men like to sit and smoke, and consequently the place where the women may be found during the few brief moments when they are not dressing, although they loudly declare that they detest smoke. Artistic placards announcing the arrival and departure of trains. Notice of church services, and of a sacred raffle, tacked near the cashler's desk. Telegraph office and news stand. Novels on the news stand all warranted to be unadulterated trash, or money will be refunded. Smoking-room off from the office, a quiet place in which no man by any possibility ever smokes. The barroom, a mysterious region down stairs, to which the women send for lemonade, and where men go for cigars. are frequently heard laughing when down there, probably because they get such good expars. The lawn tennis court, described in the prospectus as velvety, but in reality very hummocky. The netting would be all right except for several large rents made by those imps the Whimwham boys, mother proudly declares that they are "perfectly angelic, you know, but so full of fun." Trees on the lawn, described in the prospectus as "noble monarchs of the forest, affording an abundance of shade," but in reality a few measily little sticks, which it were base flattery to call shrubs. The guests' rooms, described in the prospectus as "elegant, large

The dramatis personae include, first, the Staff of The Landlord, by turns suave, diplomatic and unbending; his countenance a prey to conflicting emotions, inspired at once by a hope that the rich Jones family will come as they have promised, and by a fear that the equally rich Smith family will leave as they have threatened. The Clerk, a glorious and resourceful being, with bang and curled mustache, and his smile like Hyperion, and his frewn like unto that of Jove, and his skill in warbling "Front," and his liplomacy in standing guests off, and his delicate blending of respect and familiarity in talking with all the pretty girls. The Head Waiter, having the look of owning the earth and the fulness thereof, with the eye of a general and the walk of a drum-major; gifted with rare prescience in "sizing people up," and cap-able of feeling a lofty scorn when a guest goes away without "seeing" him. (Foot-note: Woe be unto that guest if he ever enters the dominions of that head waiter again.) Then may be mentioned in brief the waiters, who frequently make you wait, in order that you may know how it is yourself; the chambermahl, who gives you damp rags and calls them towels; the bell-boy, whose terms are a dime a trip, cash down, and no trust; the porter, who, after delivering your trunk, declares, "Be gobs, there must be a rare sight o' goold in that thrunk; for it's as heavy as an Ojrishman's conscience before he goes to Cash price of this speech, 25 cents.) The barber, with the implements of torture, who sneers at the way in "them city barbers" cut your hair. And last of all the orchestra, which the guests clamored for before it came, but whose music they now avoid like a pestilence. Then, the Guests. Place aux dames, of course,

The bevy of Piazza Girls, attired in smiles and Worth

cality about as large as a good-sized closet, with

rickety furniture and a bed harder than the heart of the

heavy villain of a Bowery melodrama.

costumes; each with a Plan of Campaign carefully mapped out by Dear Mamma; very fetching, and very gracions when the right young men are around. The SANT ILARIOS JEALOUSY.

MR. CRAWFORD'S NEW BOOK.

SANT ILARIO, By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, pp. 443. Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Crawford's fecundity and versatility are inkest, the best work the author in some year of two such novels as "Gerienstein" and character and what is most impressive in human character a Belle of the House, with a reputation as a breaker of Rhinestones, she says, needn't put on so much style, because it isn't so many years since Mrs. Ikhinestone did her own washing. And did you hear, my dear, of the dreadful way in which that Shadroe girl carried on with young Gillyflower on the piazza last night; why she actually—and so on, and nave you noticed how shabbily the Brownsmith's money now goes to support his daughter, who married an English nobleman last year. There is also the Woman who Boasts of the Bilne Blood. She married old Jostah Chugg, the richest man on the street, but frequently, in the office, she thanks God, in a loud fonce of voice, that she was born a De Montmorency. Always, and at all times, she acts on the theory that the hotel has been opened, and is run, for her sole benefit; and frequently complains of the insolence of "those become," or "those creatures, by which terms she designates the other guests, because they danc to by at all. Then comes the Woman who Thinks that Everything is Horrid, the Woman Who Keeps Her Children in Perdu, in order that she may pose as a giddy young thing; the Woman Who Regards Men as Coarse Beings, who ought to be sunbled; the Woman Who Sings "The Lost thord" and "Some Day" on the slightest provocation in the backy counting the days of his banishment. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the backly ventilated billand room in the basement. The Man With Views as to the way in which a hotel should be run. The old fellow who tries to be a dade, big cork helmet hat, showy family and help of the post of the should be run. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the badity ventilated billand room in the basement. The Man With Views as to the way in which a hotel should be run. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the badity ventilated billand room in the basement. The Man With Views as to the way in which a hotel should be run. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the badity ventilated bi

in the office, she thanks God, in a loud tone of voice, that she was born a De Montmorency. Always, and at all times, she acts on the theory that the hotel has been opened, and is run, for her sole benefit; and frequently complains of the insolence of "those people," or "those creatures," by which terms she designates the other guests, because they daze to live at all. Then comes the Woman Who Thinks that Everything is Lovely, the Woman Who Thinks that Everything is Horrid, the Woman Who Thinks that Men are Such Grand Creatures, and gushingly wishes that she was one; the Woman Who Regards Men as Coarse Beings, who ought to be snubbed; the Woman With an Abnormally Developed Bump of Curiosity, and the Woman Who Sings "The Lost Chord" and "Some bay" on the slightnest provocation.

Last of all, enter the men. Nezzle, the rich old bachelor, who spends all its time in pacing up and down the office, looking at the notices and reading back number magazines, has a look of resigned misery on his face, as though he were counting the days of his banishment. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the badiy ventilated billiard room in the lasement. The Man With Views as to the way in which a hotel should be run. The old fellow who tries to be a dude, hig cork helmet hat, showy fannel shirt, gorgeous sash and russet shoes. The Man Who is 111 and won't acknowledge it, and the Man Who is 112 and won't acknowledge it, and the Man Who is Perfectly Well and imagines hinself to be ill. The man who is always genting up plentes and excursions: the man with a reputation as a masher. The man who is negligo to the verge of slouchiness. The man who is negligo to the verge of slouchiness. The man who is negligo to the verge of slouchiness. The man whose eccentricities carn for him the title of crank. These, and a multitude of other equally typical characters, combine

THE HISTORY OF A PAINTING.

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From the Gardiner (Mo.) News.

Since the oil painting "Cromwell Viewing the Remains of King Charles I." came into the possession of A. Davenport, he has learned from intimate rightly of the late Captain James Halley and his family what he told them regarding the picture, where and how obtained, etc. No one at all intimate with Captain Halley would for a moment think of doubting him or his word. About A. D. 1837, the ship Orient, Halley, of Gardiner, Mc., was lying at a dock in Havre, France, under charter for the United States, when a man came on board who shipped as a common sailor. Soon officers eagne to Captain Halley who told him that a painting of great value had been wrenched from the trame, at its place of deposit in England; that they had traced the suspected the factors the Channel and on board his ship, and asked permission to search the vessel. A most thorough search was made Captain Balley assisting, but without avail. From then until the ship left port she was closely guarded by the authorities, day and night. As the voyage was drawing to a close the new sailor confronted Captain Balley and asked for a private audience when he confessed to him the fact that the picture was safely hidden on board the ship, and asked for a revenue.

THE SUMMER COMEDY.

PHASES AND TYPES OF LIFE IN THE VACATION SEASON.

Mountain-Top Springs-by-the-Sea, Aug. 15.—The
scene of the comedy of life at a summer resort is,
of course, a big hotel. Plenty of gables, with some
sort of wooden ruching around the caves. A Queen
Anne abomination. Big plazza. Things on legs
and reckers which are called easy, but which should
be called uneasy chairs. Big parior; dark, stuffy,
and containing a peculiarly ferocious plano. No
chair made to sit on, and the sofas wheezy as to their
tweldes. Bletters of Westlers the Dale.

were taken from this one.

A DRINK FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

A CHOLERA ADVENTURE.

From Blackwood.

I came to India in 185- as a private in the —the Regiment; and my company formed part of the garrison at Arcot. Life in barracks in india is very dult; and I have often wondeced that British solders out here are, on the whole, such a scary, well-behaved lot of lads. Compare a soldier's life in a small indian station with being quartered even at Malta or Gibraltar, and either of these places will seem like Paradise; though the 'Rock' is by no means popular, and is always called a prison by the troops for the time being in garrison there.

Well, we found Arcot horribly duil, and it was with great satisfaction that we neard an order had be in given for our company to march to Veilore to streegthen the garrison desc, which had been very much reduced by cholera. From Blackwood.

strengthen the garrison there, which had been very much reduced by cholers.

It was then about the middle of March, and consequently later than is usual for moving to ps, as the days begin to get very hot on the plains in the Carnatic about that time of the year. But ours was special duty; and as we should only march in the very early morning, we did not fear the inconvenience of the middledy heat; but looked upon the whole thing as rather a lark, and a welcome change from the monotony of gardson duty. As to this cholera, not one of us gave it a thought. Not likely it would touch one of us!

It was on the second day after leaving Arcot, that Private Thomas Atkins, who was my right file, suddenly had to fall out. I expected him to rejoin the ranks ceture long; but did not trouble myses? about his absquee. It was not until we reached camp, and had finished breakfast that I heard anything more about him.

rooms, handsomely decorated and furnished," in

ranks cefter long; but did not frouble mysen acoust his altagree. It was not until we reached camp, and had finished breakfast that I heard anything more about him.

I then learnt that he was burled!

I here v cholera was awfolly sudden in its artack and effects, but I had not imagined the possibility of its carrying off a healthy man quite so rapidly. Of course immediate interment must take place in case of dealth on the line of march. I had liked Atkins much but I fanze his death and burlal were so sudden that the rest of us failed to realize the truth of what hal happened to our comrade, and half expected to see him turn up again. Anyhow, we soon forgot the incident.

Late in the afternoon I was listening to a description of Vellore by one of our fellows who had been there, and speculating on the chance of seeing the crocodiles which Tippoo Sultan had placed in the most round the fort, as the bost possible seminels to prevent prisoners from escaping or any of his troops from attempting to desert, when suddenly I felt spasms and sickness.

"Hollost old fellow, how blue you look!" remarked a companion sitting next to me; and as he spoke my comrades shrank terror-stricken from me. It was hastly conveyed to the temporary hospital, where our assistant surgeon already had several cases of the disease under treatment, and I was laid on a charpoy. I rapidly passed from the first to the second stars of that maindy, and by 9 o'clock at night the necessant vomiting and purging had reduced me to a condition of weakness approaching insensibility. I was consumed by a burning, raging thirst, but the dresser disregarded all my entreaties for a drink of water. The system of treatment for choiers in those days allowed the patient nothing more than just to have the lips moistened occasionally with weak brandy-and-water; and this kimply agravated the torture of thirst. Nowadays champagne is given, and the sufferer is allowed to drink pretty freely.

The hospital was dready and well a large cuscus mat at the contract as a contra

sufferer is allowed to drink pretty freely.

The hospital was, of course, only a pandal, hastily constructed with palmyra-leaves, with a large cuscus mat at the entrance at each end. Two large chattles of water were placed just outside each entrance, from which a coole from time to time throw a pannistinful on the cuscus tathis, so that the wind, blowing through the wet mats, might cool the temperature inside the pandal. This result certainly was attained, but at the cost of intensifying the pangs of the patients, whose thirst was tantalized by hearing the splashing of the water.

I had begged, sworn and menaced at intervals, but no one paid the slightest head to me; and I was sluk-

by hearing the splashing of the water.

I had begged sworn and menaced at intervals, but no one paid the slightest heed to me; and I was sinking into that condition of torpor which is the infimed aloprecursor of the third and fatal stage of cholera when I heard voices in the pandal. The assistant surgion was making his last round for the night, accompanied by the hospital dresser. With a violent effort I roused myself, and eagerly listened for their approach. I wanted to hear my fate pronounced.

They stopped at length where I lay, and the doctor examined my body.

"Mottled." I heard him remark to the dresser. I was nearly deafened by the singing or rather drumming

was nearly deafened by the singing or rather drumming in my ears, so I lay perfectly motionless, so as not to let a single word of what they might say escape me, if possible.

"He is insensible already," the doctor continued, and will not last long. So Wetherall will make

dinary?"
I rapidly recovered; and as I had never indulted in
the periodous country arrack sold to soldiers out here.

I rapidly recovered; and as I had never induced in the permicious country arrack sold to soldiers out here. I was soon quite strong again. I was made sergeant very soon, and I remained upward of twenty years serving with different regiments out here; but it was some time before I told any one how I recovered from my attack of cholera. However, I told the doctor one day all about it; and though he said the cold water ought to have killed me, I observed the noof fellows who were in hospital with cholera got an extra allowance of water.

allowance of water.

All my people were dead or scattered, and I had no wish to return to England, so I took my pension; and the bountes I had obtained, added to my savings, enabled me to buy this bit of land. I am doing well,

SHE OVERCAME HER AWE AT LAST.

From The Chicago Times.

Harriet Heecher Stowe's son, the Rev. Charles R. Stowe, of Hartford. Conn., met with an experience the other evening which completely nouplassed him one evening which completely nouplassed him one evening unite recently he dined with Mrs. It. W. Boardman, proprietress of the Hotef Woodruft. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cure little filese about five years of age. She is a regular chatterloax, and makes many bright remarks during a day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dinner.

The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Slowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room, the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small prink dish. She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter—that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and to and behold, the about the store of the proper size of the hold of the proper caper, won't you please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?

The leav. Mr. Slowe never received such a shock, the leav. Mr. Slowe never received such a shock, the leaved over in his chair to pick up his naphin, which, of course, had not failen. Mrs. Beardman must at that moment arrange a window-cuetain, and the other greests were suddenly troubled with a friendly cough.

Little Malch, self-satisfied that she had done the proper caper, was the only one at the table whe could positively prove that she was alive.